PRETTY
PEGGY
AND
OTHER BALLADS
ILLUSTRATED
BY
ROSINA EMMET.

DRAWN ON STONE
& PRINTED BY
BRETT LITHOGRAPHING CO.
N.Y.

TO · MY ·

TWO · LITTLE · SISTERS ·

I · DEDICATE ·

THIS · BOOK ·

PRETTY·PEGGY·
AND·OTHER·
BALLADS

ILLUSTRATED BY

ROSINA EMMET,

459737

NEW YORK,
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

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CHILDREN'S ROOM
J. REFERENCE
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PN3
COPY 1

PRETTY PEGGY.

It was down by the banks of the Ivy 'O—
It was down by the banks of the Ivy 'O,
Our Captain fell in love with a lady like a dove,
And they called her name Pretty Peggy 'O.

"Now will you marry me Pretty Peggy 'O;
In a carriage you shall ride, like a lady in her pride,
With the hautboys playing before you 'O."

"My mother won't consent noble Captain 'O;
She never would consent, and I always should repent,
If I should ever disobey my mammy 'O."

"What would your mother say, Pretty Peggy 'O—
What would your mother think, if she heard the guineas chink,
And the hautboys playing before you 'O?"

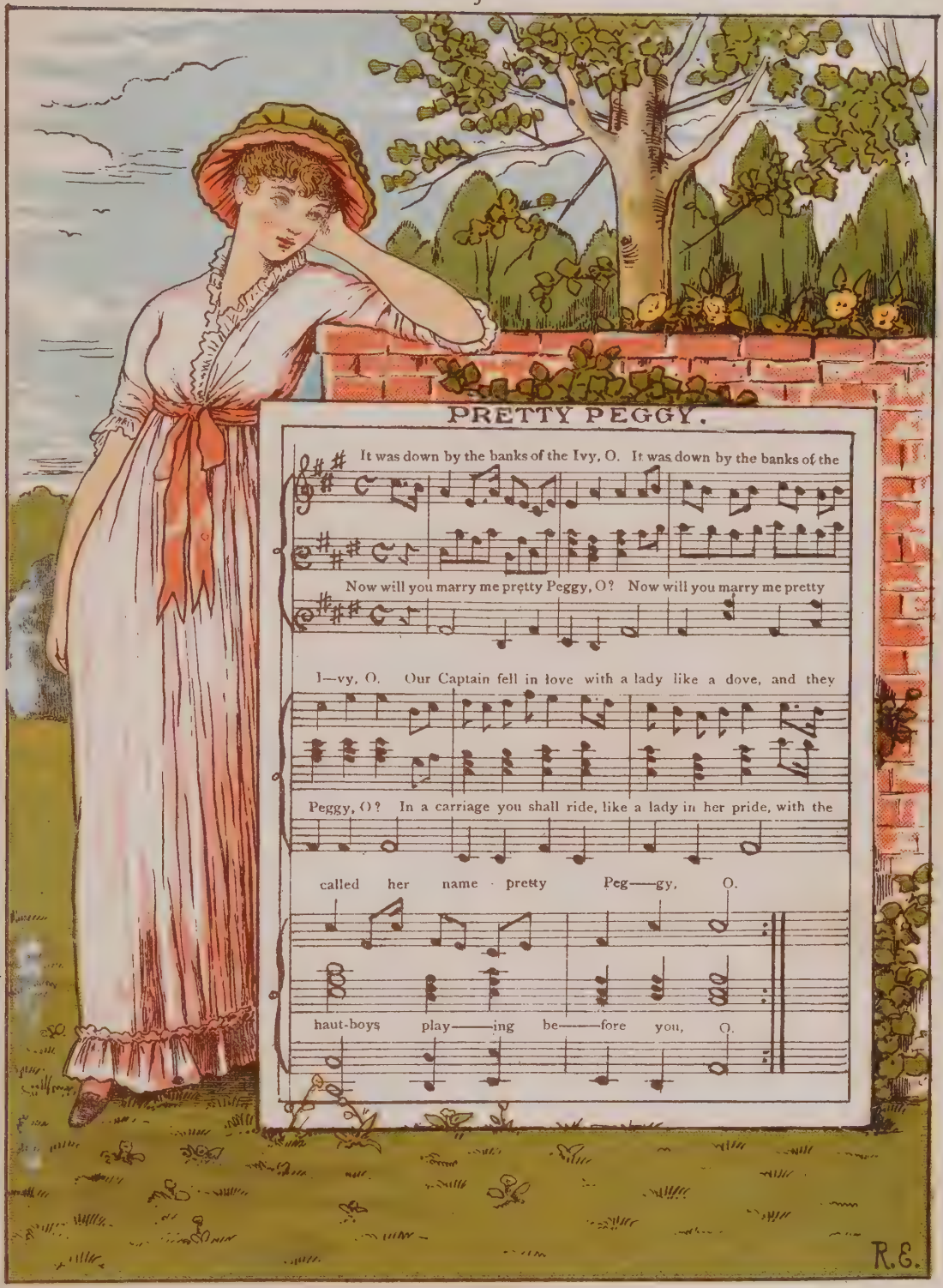
Out spake his brother John so angry 'O,
Saying "this will never do, there are ladies enou',
And many pretty girls on the Ivy 'O."

Came tripping down the stair Pretty Peggy 'O—
Came tripping down the stair, combing out her yellow hair,
For to take a last farewell of her deary 'O.

The troops were marching from Ivy 'O,
Our Captain he fell sick, and his pulse it beat so quick,
And 'twas all for the love of Pretty Peggy 'O.

The very next town they marched through,
The drums they beat so gloomy 'O;
Our noble Captain died, nor left his like alive,
And 'twas all for the love of Pretty Peggy 'O.

The news soon reached to the Ivy 'O;
The mother did relent and the brother did repent,
For it soon put an end to Pretty Peggy 'O.

GIFT
BOOK DRIVE
1980

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Now will you marry me pretty Peggy, O? Now will you marry me pretty
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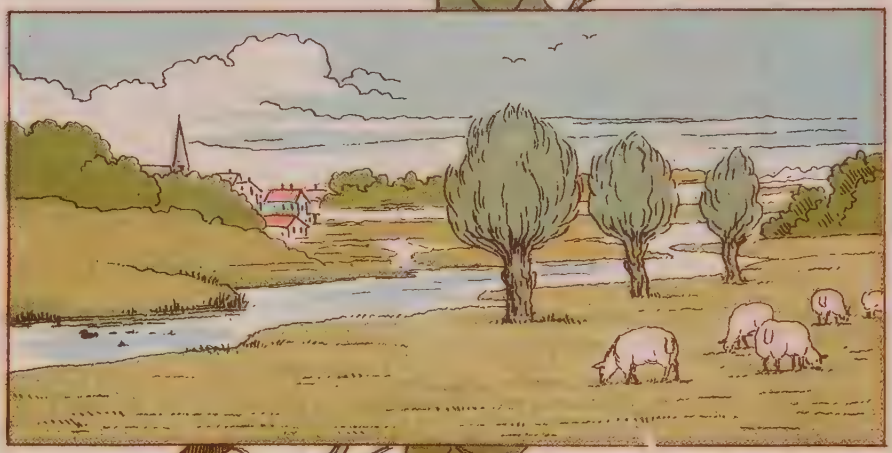
called her name pretty Peg——gy, O.
haut-boys play——ing be——fore you, O.
R.E.



It was down
by the
banks
of the Ivy 'O.

R.E.

OUR·
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-TAIN·FELL·
IN·LOVE·
WITH·A·
LA-
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R.E.

"NOW WILL YOU MARRY ME PRETTY PEGGY 'O
IN A CARRIAGE YOU SHALL RIDE
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R.C.

"My Mother wont con-
-sent
Noble Captain 'O,
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-sent
And I always should
-repent
If I should ever dis-
-obey
My Mammy 'O",

"What would your Mo-
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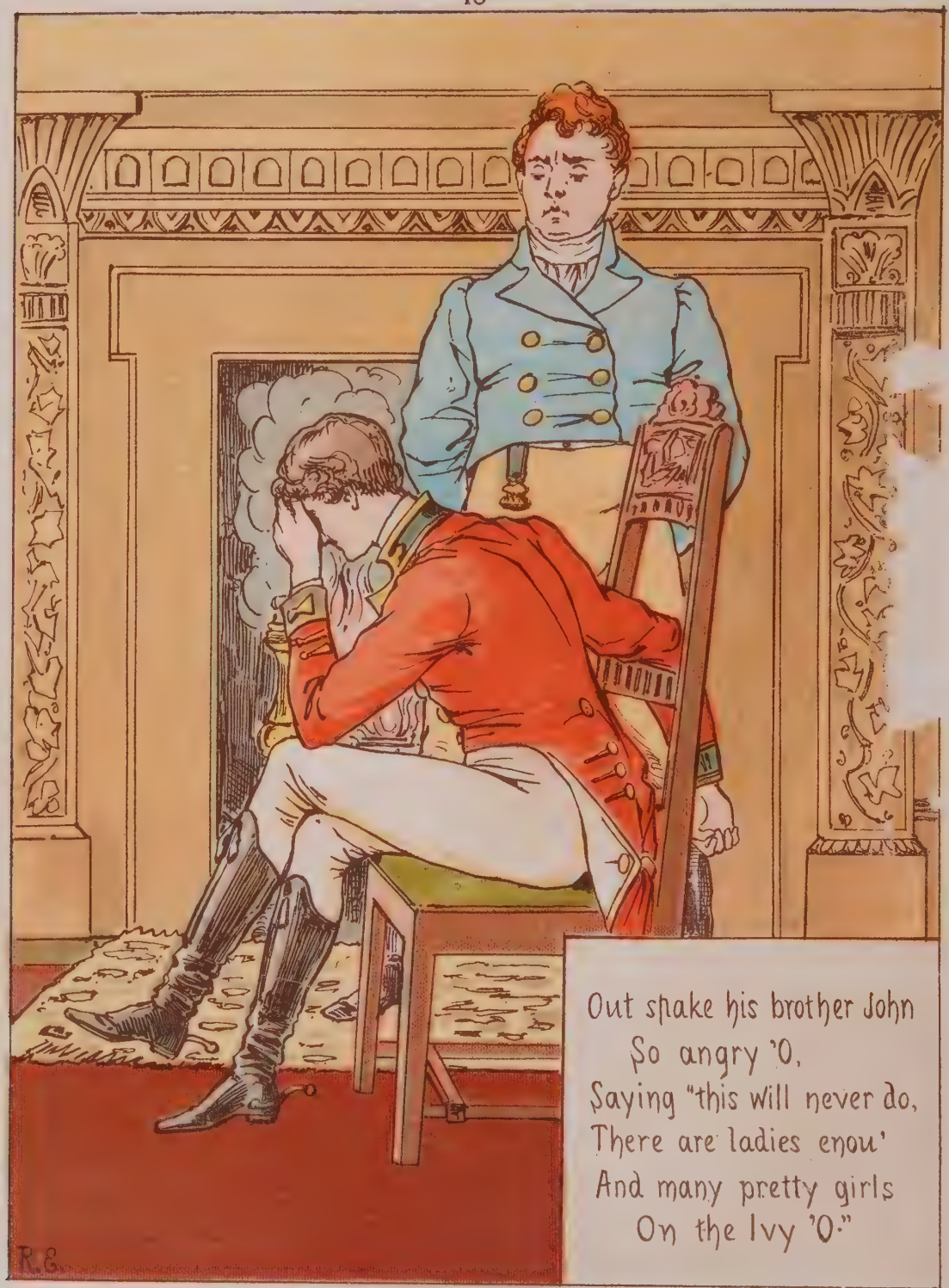

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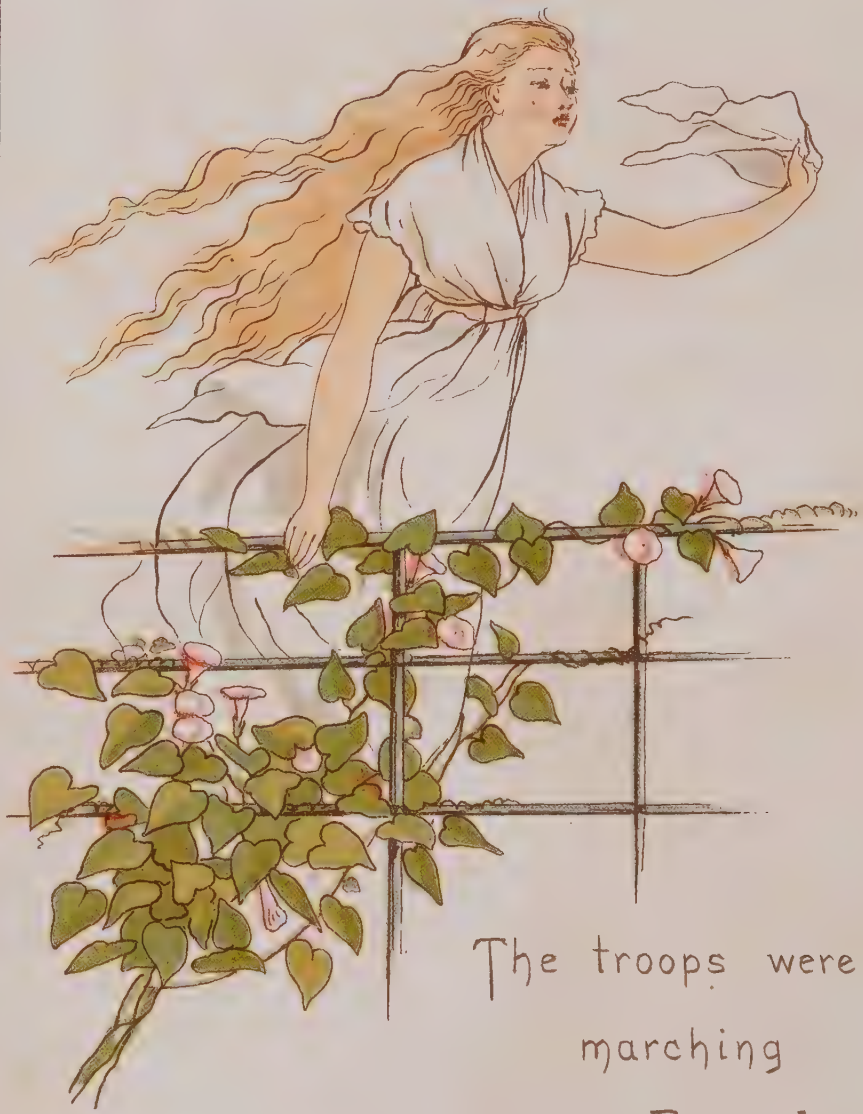

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R.C.

For it soon put an end to Pretty Peggy 'O.

PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
STAY A LITTLE LONGER
PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
DO NOT GO SO SOON.

R.C.

PRAY PAPA, PRAY PAPA.

"Pray papa, pray papa, stay a little longer;
Pray papa, pray papa, do not go so soon."

"Come, come, my dear, what nonsense!
You've danced enough, in conscience.
Then send that powdered fellow in,
And bid him bring your pelerine;"

"Pray papa, pray papa, stay a little longer;
Pray papa, pray papa, do not go so soon."

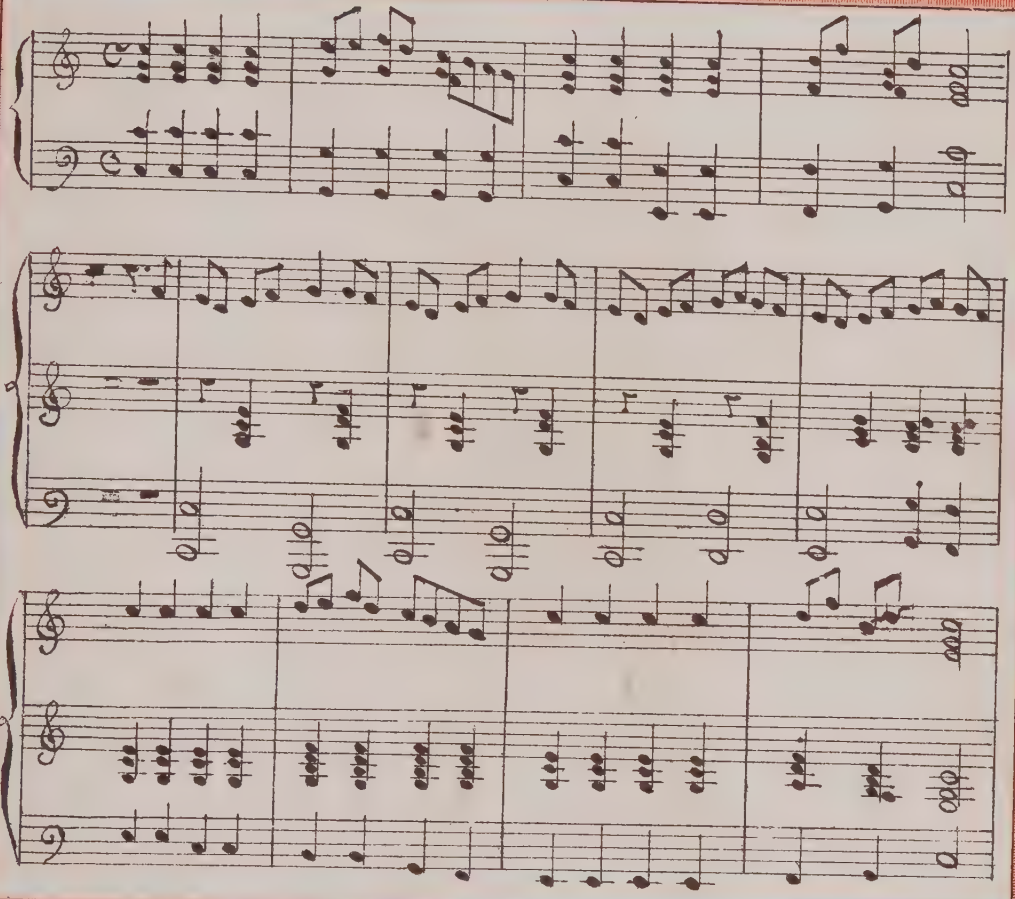
"The nights are very cold ones,
The horses, too, are old ones,
The coachman, he is drunken,
You know the ditch we sunk in."

"Pray papa, pray papa, stay a little longer;
Pray papa, pray papa, do not go so soon."

"Your grandpapa is gouty,
And cannot do without 'ye;
He takes the eau medicinale,
I'm sure he will be missing all."

"Pray papa, pray papa, stay a little longer;
Pray papa, pray papa, do not go so soon."

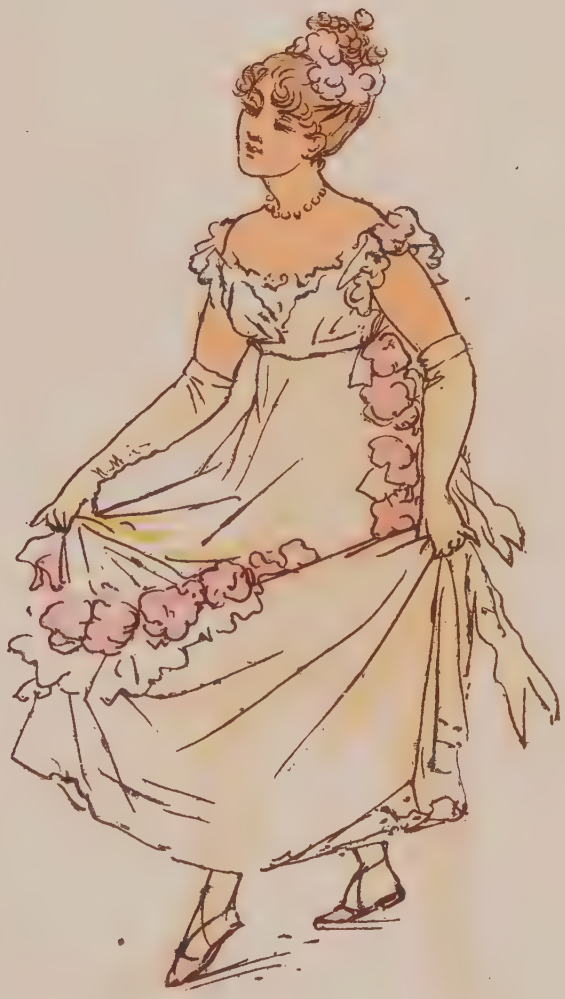
"You know I gave you warning,
You could not stay till morning.
Then bid your partners all good-night
We shan't be home before daylight."



R.E.

"COME, COME MY DEAR! WHAT NONSENSE!

R.C.



YOU'VE DANCED ENOUGH, IN CONSCIENCE!"

R.C.

"THEN SEND THAT
POWDERED FELLOW IN
AND BID HIM BRING
YOUR PELERINE."

R.C.

"PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
STAY A LITTLE LONGER,
PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
DO NOT GO SO SOON."

R.C.

"THE NIGHTS ARE VERY
COLD ONES,
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R.C.

"THE COACHMAN HE
IS DRUNKEN;
YOU KNOW THE DITCH
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R.C.

"PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
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PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
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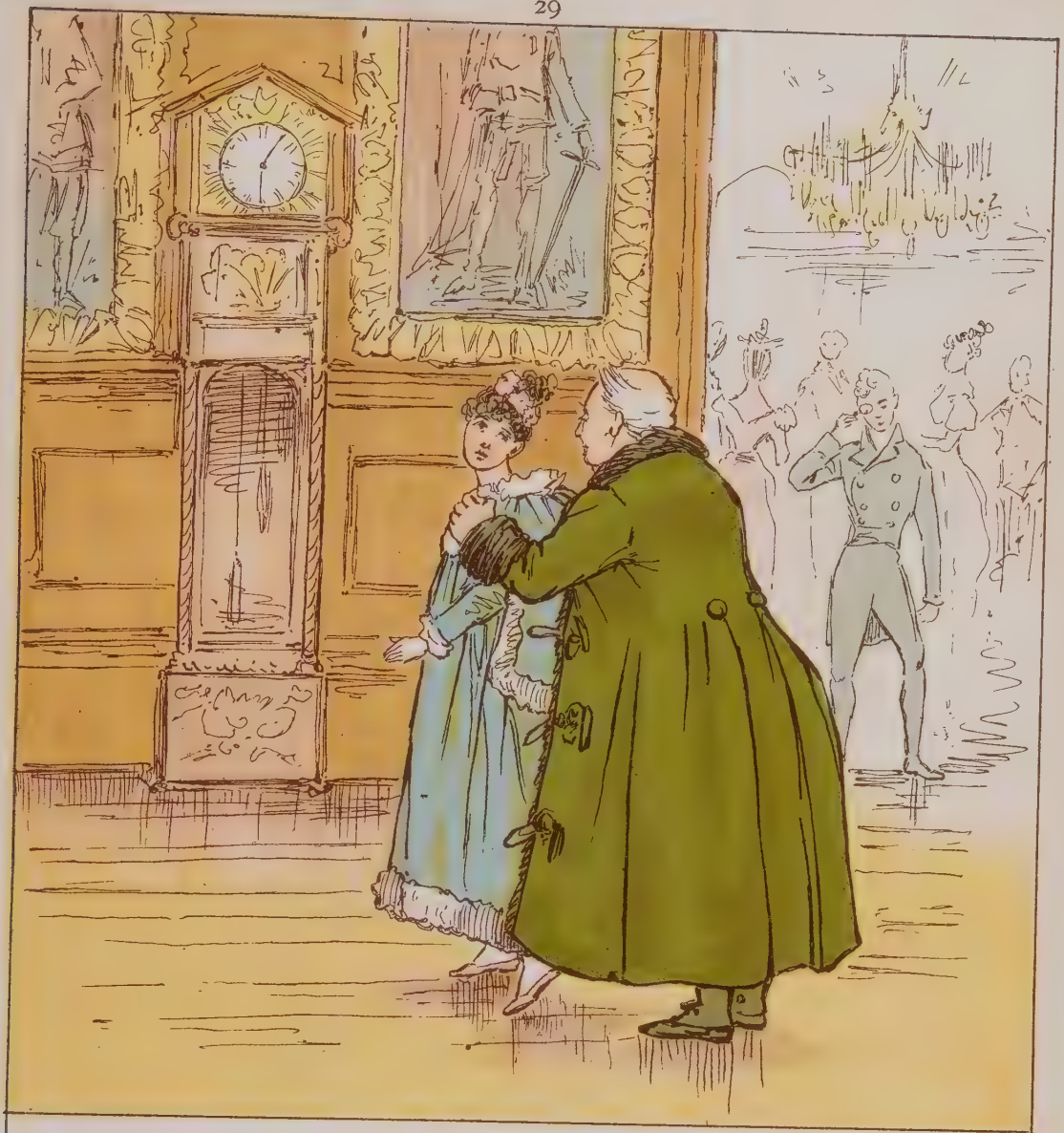
R.E.

"YOUR GRANDPAPA IS GOUTY,
AND CANNOT DO WITHOUT YE,
HE TAKES THE EAU MÉDICINALE
I'M SURE HE WILL BE MISSING ALL".

R.C.

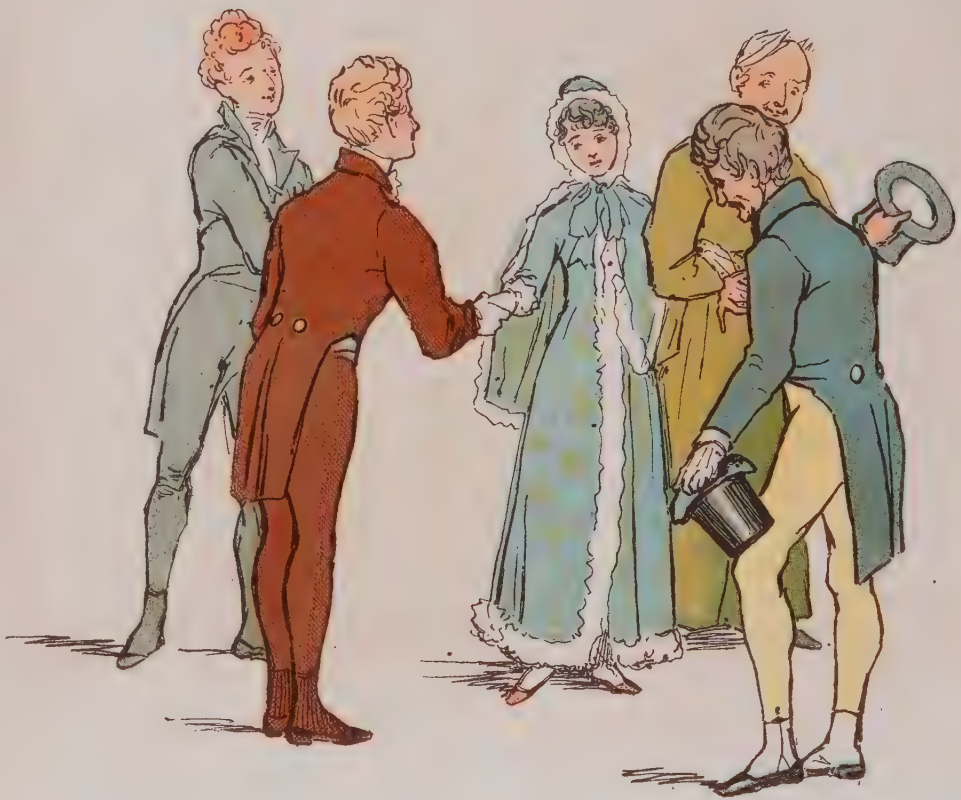
"PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
STAY A LITTLE LONGER,
PRAY PAPA! PRAY PAPA!
DO NOT GO SO SOON."

R.E.



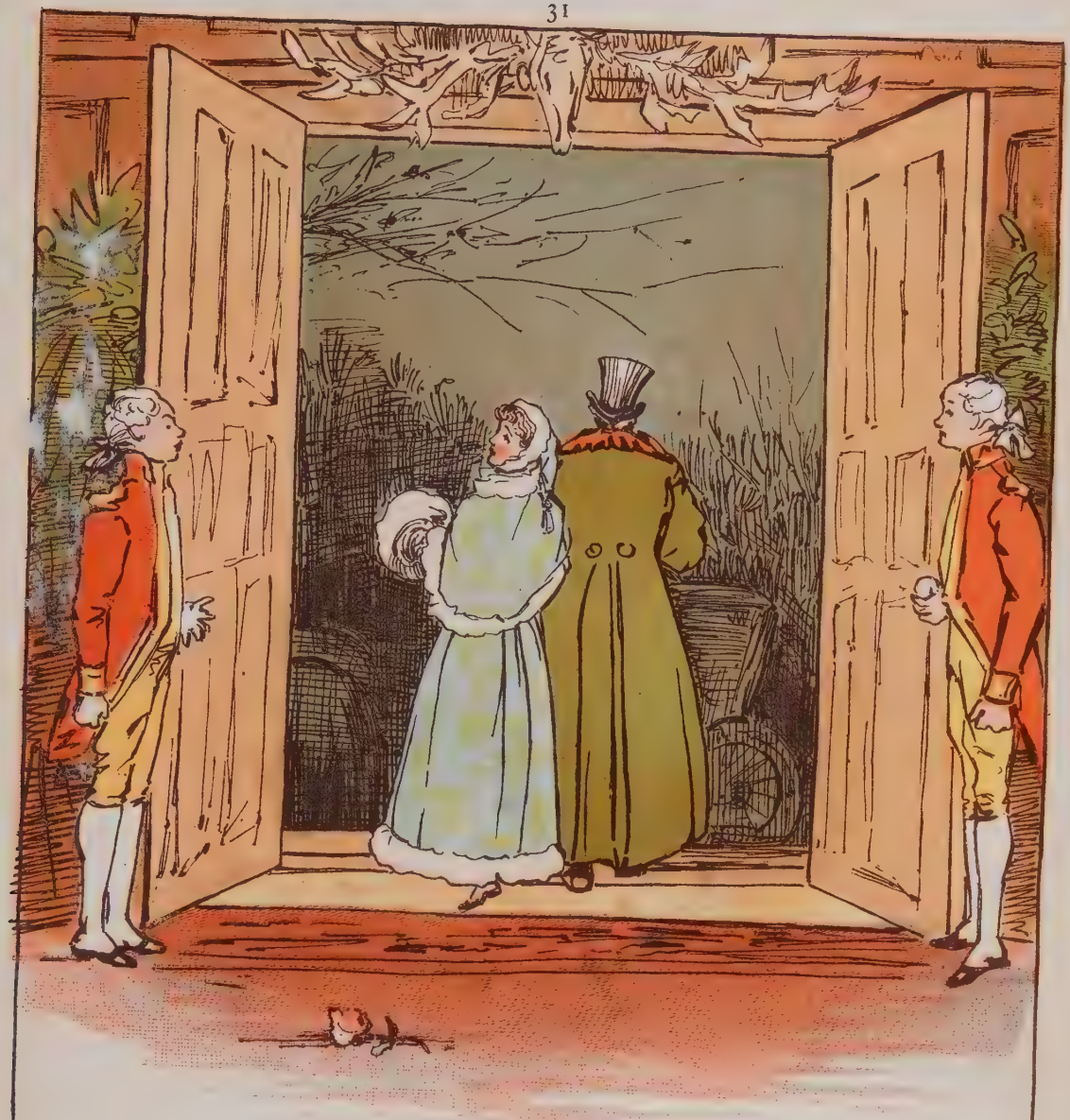
"YOU KNOW I GAVE YOU WARNING,
YOU COULD NOT STAY TILL
MORNING"!

R.C.



"THEN BID YOUR PARTNERS ALL
GOOD NIGHT.

R.C.



·WE·SHANT·BE·HOME·

·BEFORE·DAYLIGHT·"

R.C.

PRAY · PAPA ! PRAY · PAPA !

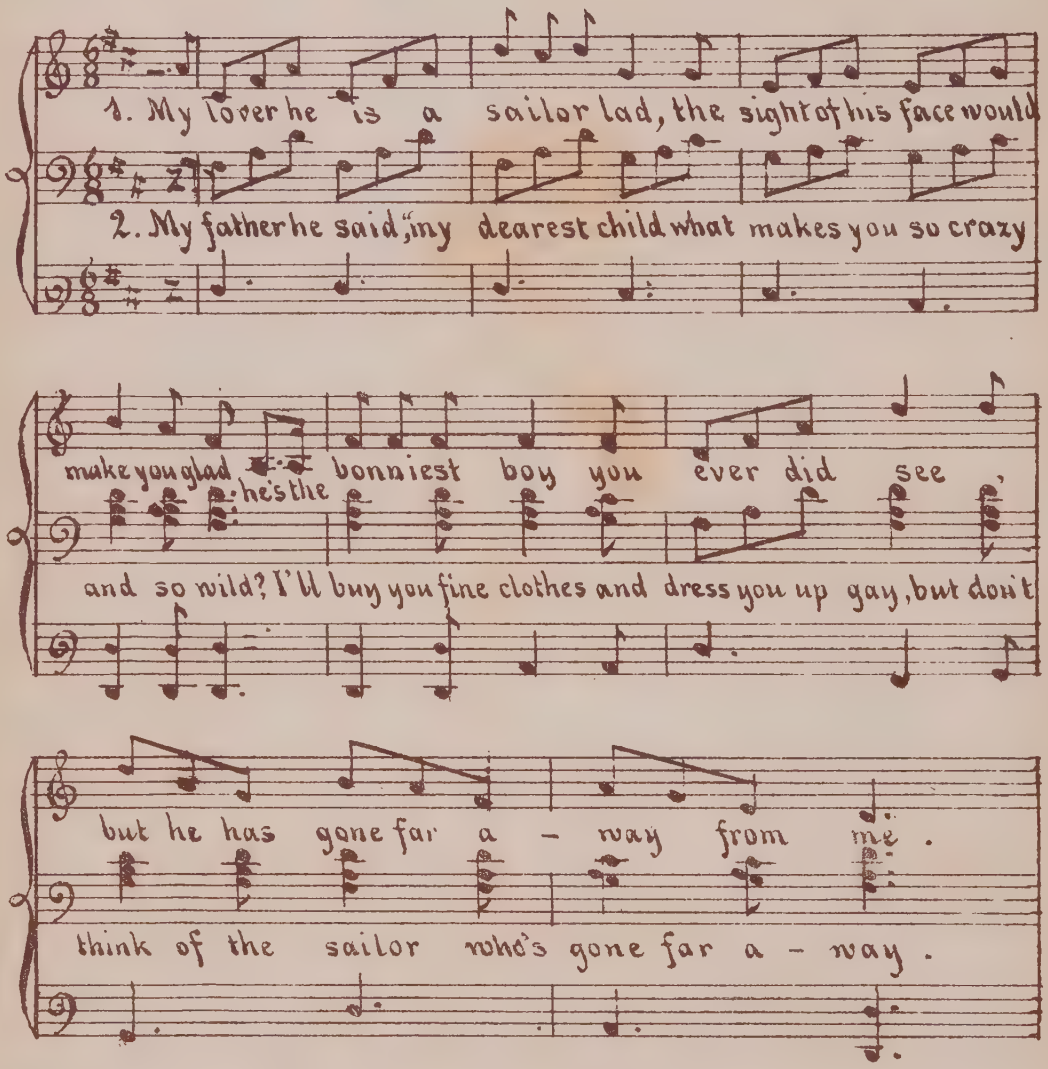
STAY · A · LITTLE · LONGER ·

PRAY · PAPA ! PRAY · PAPA !

DO · NOT · GO · SO · SOON ·

R.C.

The Sailor Lad.

R.E.

1. My lover he is a sailor lad, the sight of his face would
2. My father he said, my dearest child what makes you so crazy
make you glad he's the bonniest boy you ever did see
and so wild? I'll buy you fine clothes and dress you up gay, but don't
but he has gone far a - way from me.
think of the sailor who's gone far a - way.

3. Now all your fine clothes
I will never put on,
But always be true
To my own dearest one
And when he comes back
I'll greet him with joy
And kiss the sweet lips
Of my dear sailor boy.

4. Now all you pretty maidens
wherever you be
Whose lovers are on the
raging sea,
Here's a health to you all
and every one
Who loves a lad with a
blue jacket on.

My lover he is a Sailor Lad,
The sight of his face would make
you glad,

R.E.

He's the bonniest
Boy,
You ever did
see,
But he has
gone
Far away from
me.
R.E.

My father he said,
"My dearest child
What makes you so crazy
And so wild?

R.E.

I'll buy you fine clothes
And dress you up gay,
But don't think of the Sailor
Who's gone far away."

R.C.

Now all your fine
clothes
I will never put
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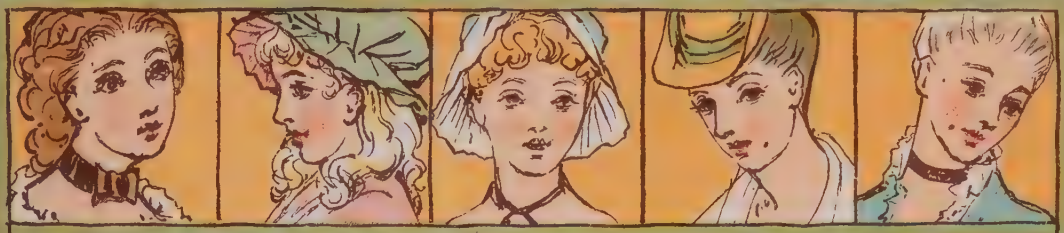
But always be
true
To my own dear-
-est one!

R.E.

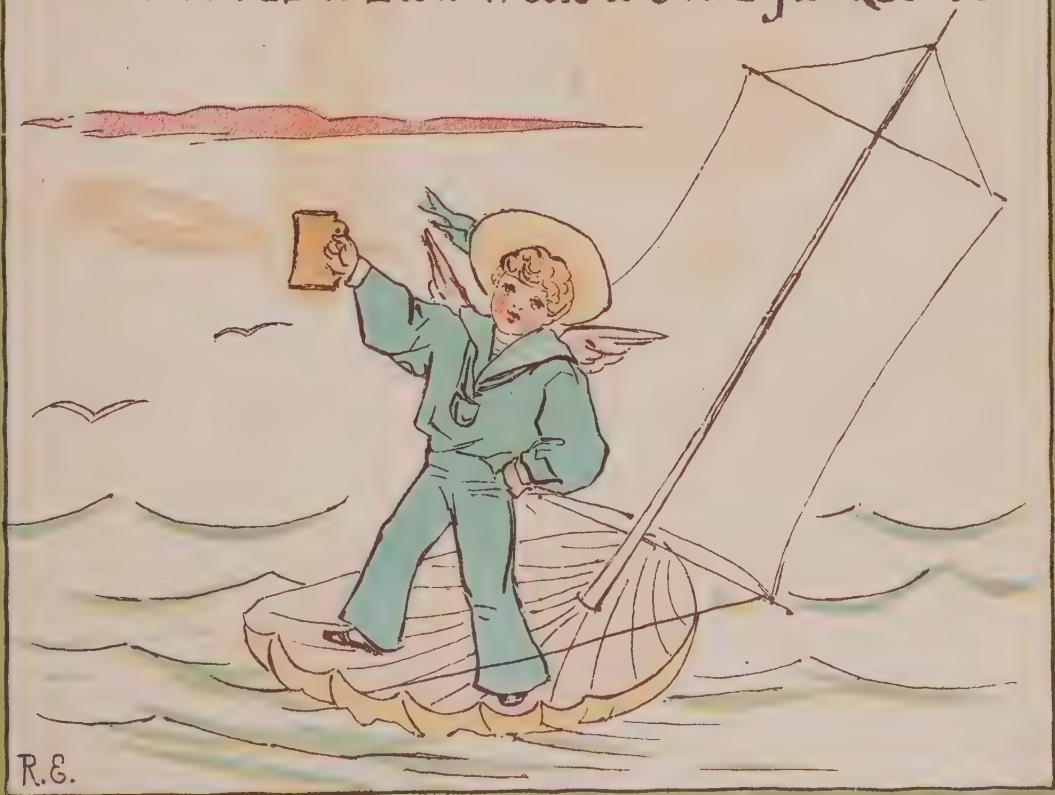
And when he comes back
I'll greet him with joy,
And kiss the sweet lips
Of my dear Sailor boy.

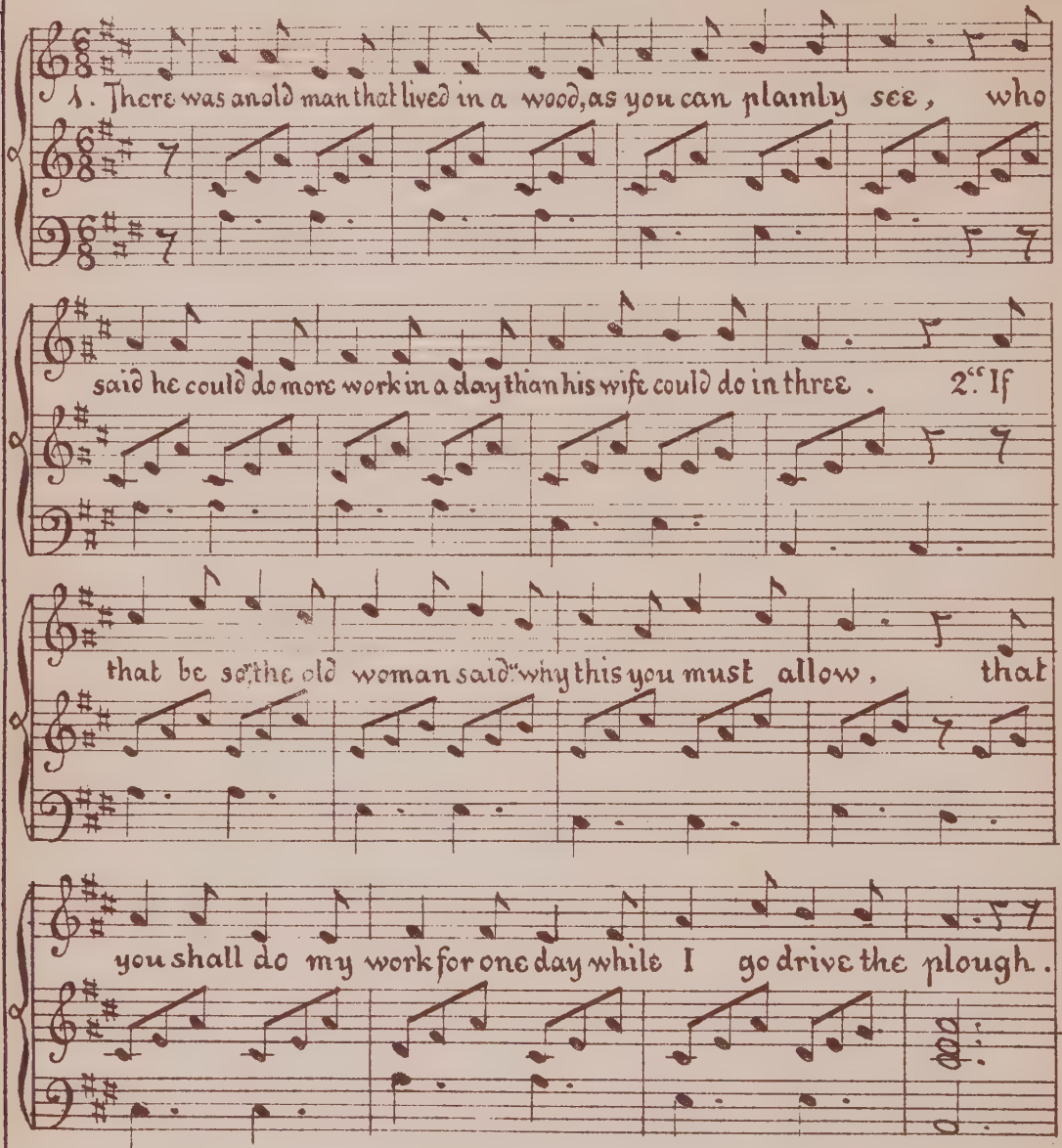
R.E.



Now all you pretty maidens,

wherever you be,
Whose lovers are on the wild raging sea,
Here's a health to you all
and every one,
Who loves a Lad with a blue jacket on.



R.C.

1. There was an old man that lived in a wood, as you can plainly see, who
said he could do more work in a day than his wife could do in three. 2. "If
that be so," the old woman said "why this you must allow, that
you shall do my work for one day while I go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the tiny cow
For fear she should go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.

"And you must watch the bracket hen
Lest she should lay astray;
And you must wind the reel of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old women took the staff in her hand
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took the pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny hinched, and Tiny flinched,
And Tiny cocked her nose;
And Tiny hit the old man such a kick
That the blood ran down to his hose.

'Twas "hey my good cow!" and "ho my good cow!"
And "now my good cow, stand still.
If ever I milk this cow again
'Twill be against my will."

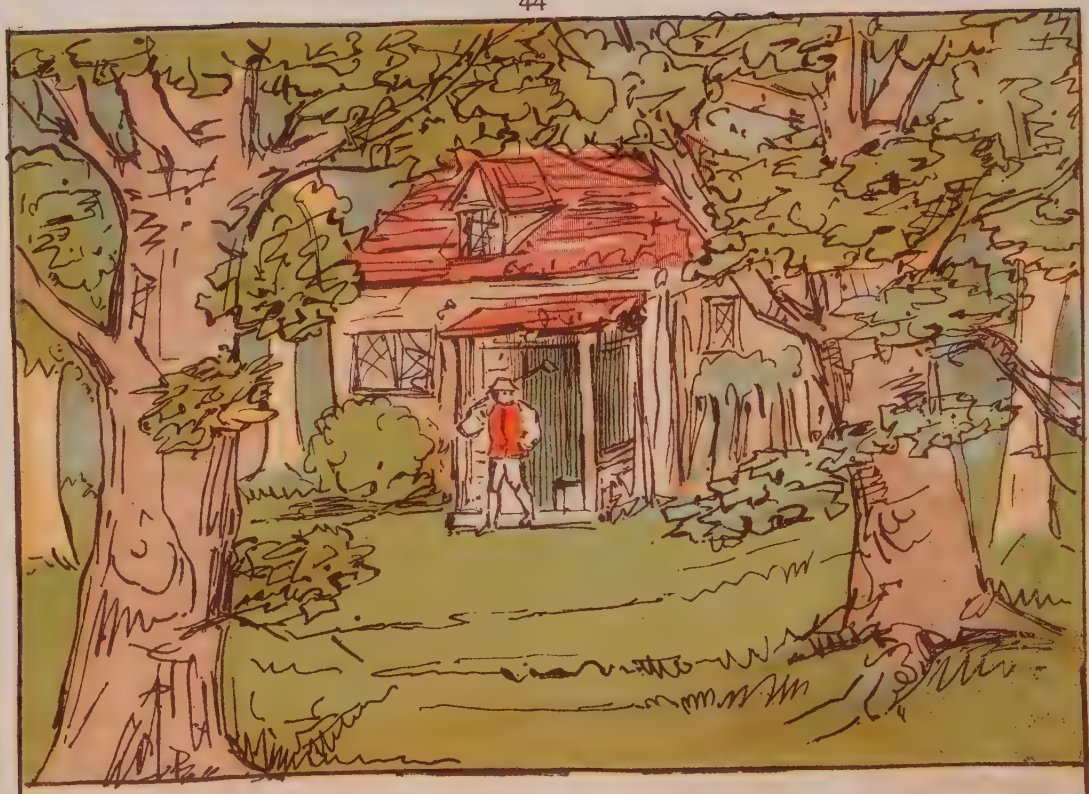
But Tiny hinched, and Tiny flinched,
And Tiny cocked her nose;
And Tiny hit the old man such a kick
That the blood ran down to his hose.

And when he'd milked the Tiny cow
For fear she should go dry,
Why then he fed the little pigs
That were within the sty.

And then he watched the bracket hen
Lest she should lay astray;
But he forgot the reel of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

He swore by all the stars in heaven
And all the leaves on the tree,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

He swore by all the leaves on the tree
And all the stars in heaven,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.



There was an old man
Who lived in a wood,
As you can plainly
See,
Who said he could do
more work in a day,
Than his wife could
do in three.

R.C.

"If that be so," the old woman said,
"Why this you must allow,
That you shall do my work for one day
While I go drive the plough.

R.E.

"But you must milk
the tiny cow,
For fear she should
go dry,
And you must feed
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the bracket hen
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That I spun yes-
-terday."

R.C.

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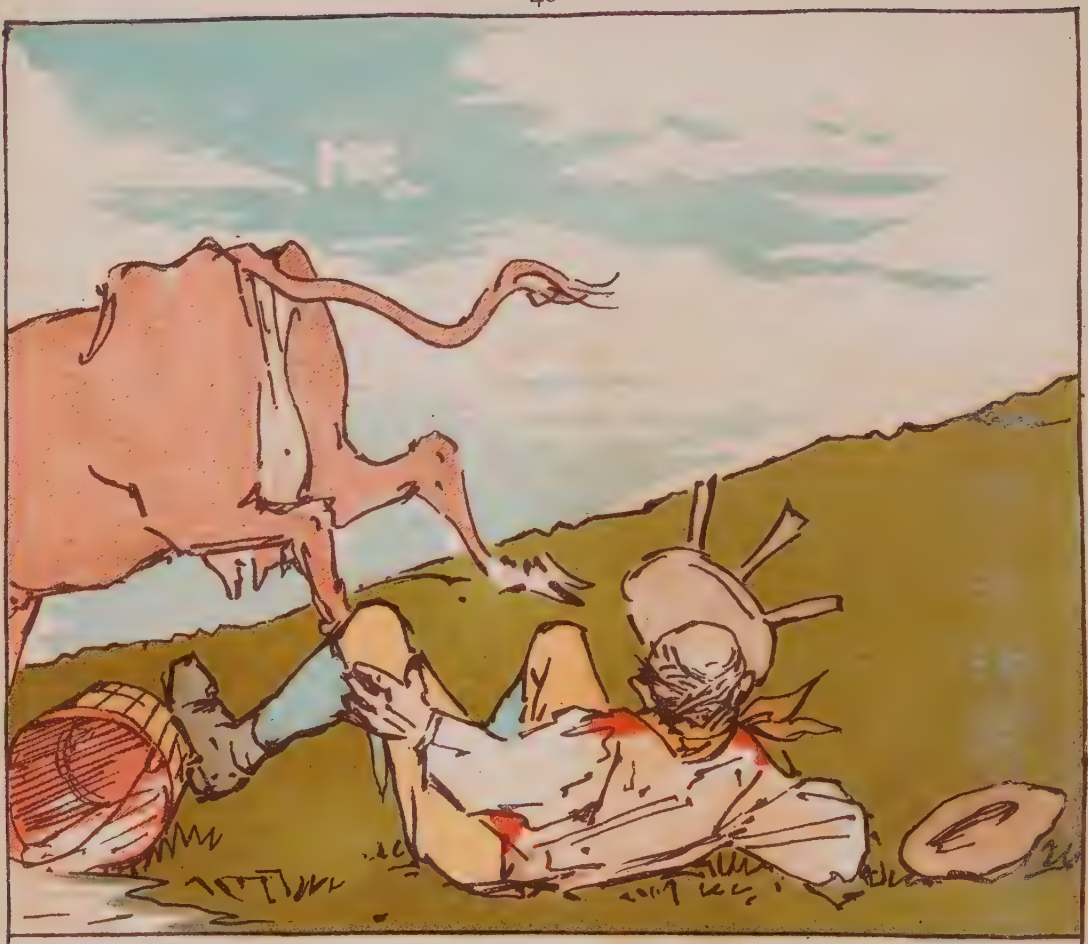

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If ever I milk this
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R.C.

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R.C.

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Lest she should
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R.E.

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R.C.

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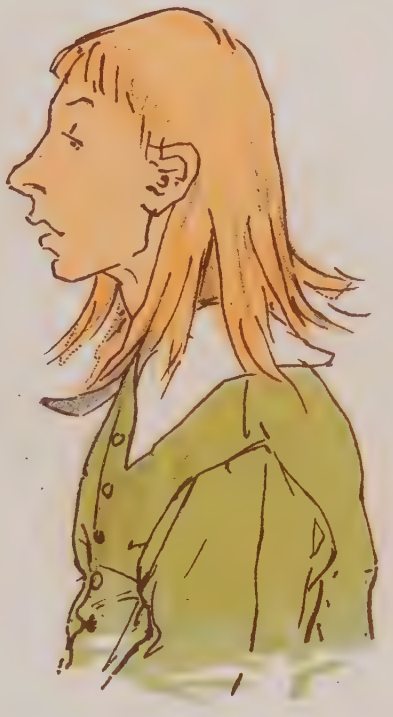
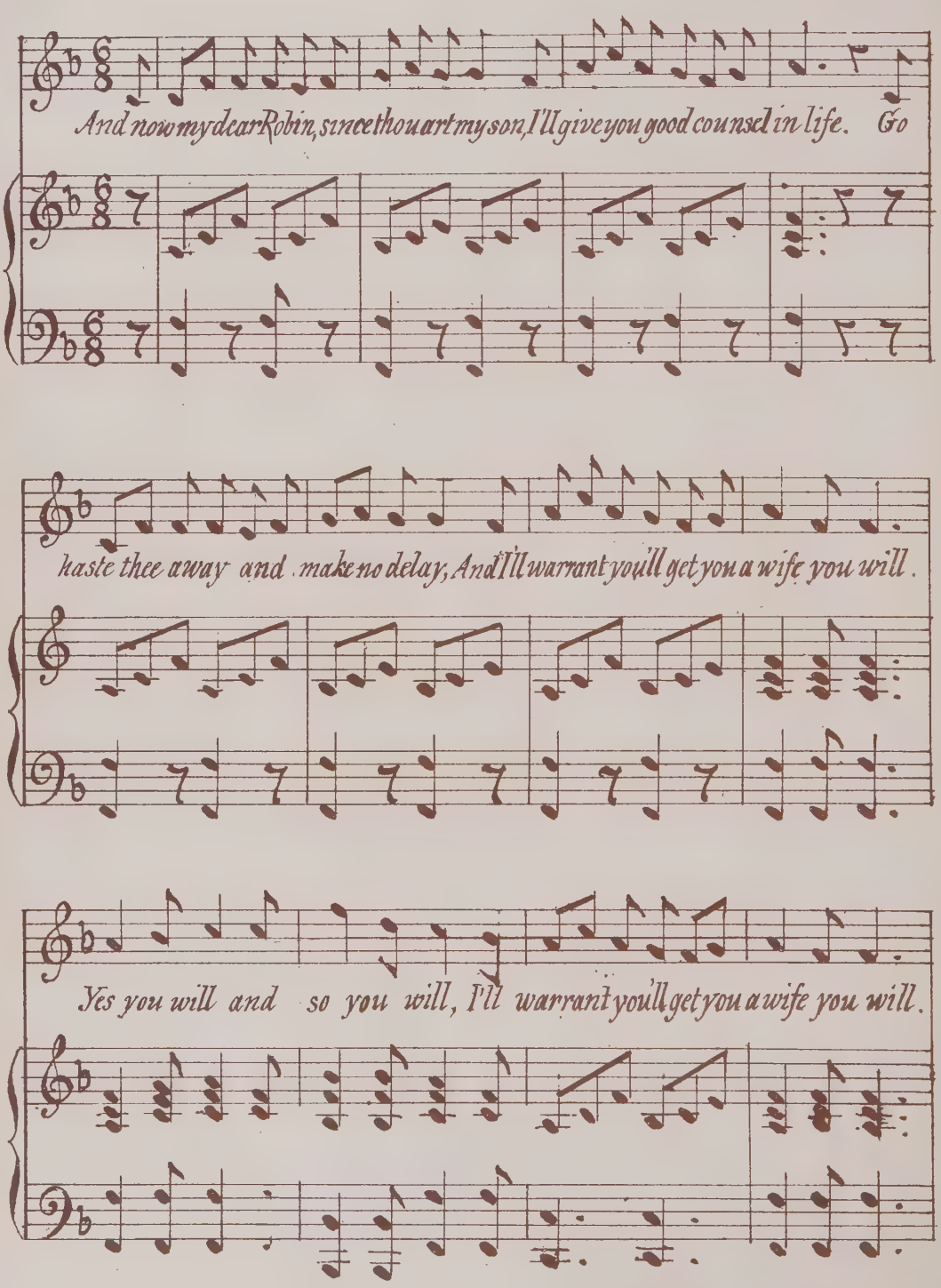
R.C.



Robin

R.C.


And now my dear Robin, since thou art my son, I'll give you good counsel in life. Go
haste thee away and make no delay, And I'll warrant you'll get you a wife you will.
Yes you will and so you will, I'll warrant you'll get you a wife you will.

ROBIN.

"And now my dear Robin, since thou art my son,
I'll give you good counsel in life:
Go haste thee away and make no delay,
And I'll warrant you'll get you a wife—
You will;
Yes, you will, and so you will;
I'll warrant you'll get you a wife—you will.

"Go dress yourself up in your holiday clothes,
And kiss every girl that you meet:
Some will look shy and take it awry,
And others will call you the sweet—
They will;
Yes, they will, and so they will;
The others will call you the sweet—they will.

So Robin dressed up in his holiday clothes,
And took leave of his mother so kind;
With a tear in his eye he bade her good bye,
He was sorry to leave her behind—
He was;
Yes, he was, and so he was;
He was sorry to leave her behind—he was.

The first girl he met along the highway,
Was the farmer's fair daughter, called Grace;
But before he had said many words to her
She hit him a slap in the face—
She did;
Yes, she did, and so she did;
She hit him a slap in the face—she did.

"You impudent girl, you saucy jade,
To hit such a gallant as I;
In my holiday clothes I look like a rose,
You may live an old maid till you die—
You may;
Yes, you may, and so you may;
You may live an old maid till you die—you may."

As Robin was going along the highway,
Not thinking of scorn or of mocks,
He happened by chance to kiss the priest's wife,
And got himself fast in the stocks—
He did;
Yes, he did, and so he did;
He got himself fast in the stocks—he did.

"If this is the way I'm to get me a wife,
I'll never look out for another;
I'd rather live single all the days of my life,
So I will go home to my mother—
I will;
Yes, I will, and so I will;
I will go home to my mother—I will."

"And now my dear Robin, since
thou art my son
I'll give you good counsel in life,
Go haste thee a...ay and make
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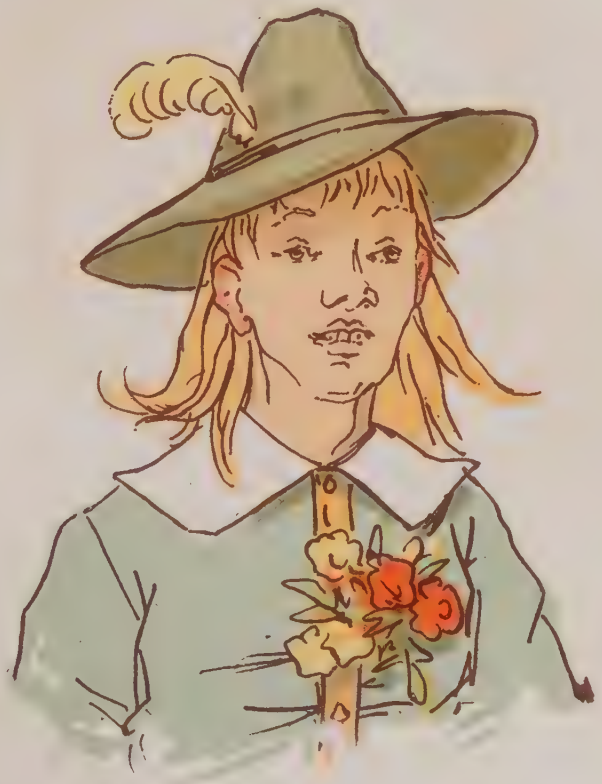

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R.E.

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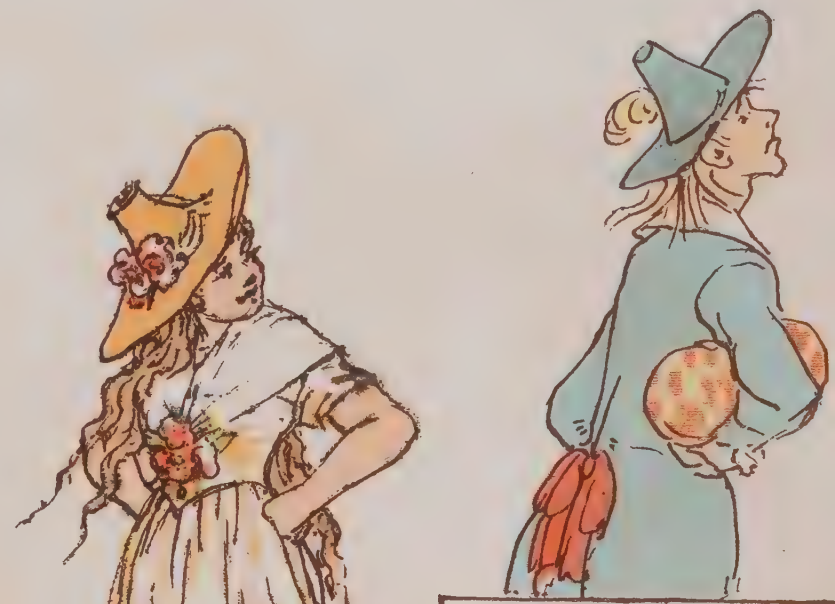

"You impudent girl,
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In my holiday clothes
I look like a rose,
You may live an old
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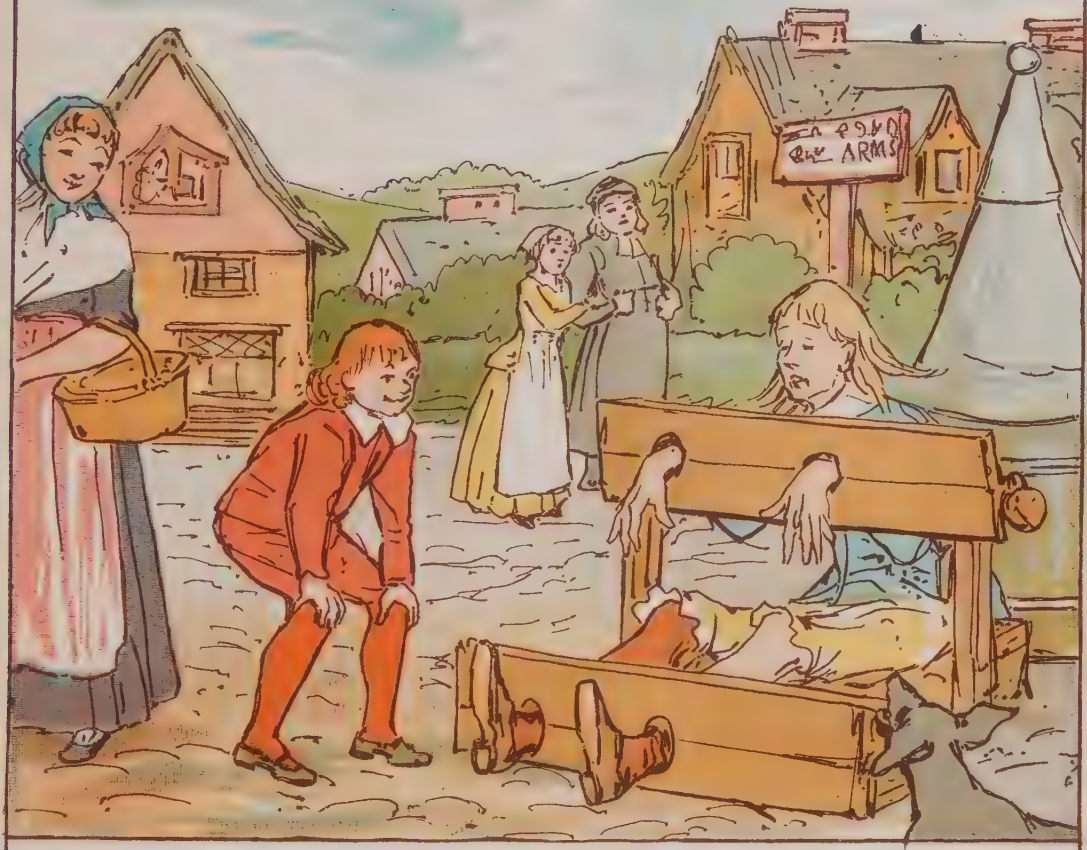
R.C.



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R.C.

"If this is the way I'm to get me
a wife,
I'll never look out for
another,
I'd rather live single all the days
of my life
So I will go home to my
mother"?

R.C.

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